



AMERICANVS SVM

ISSUED
EVERY
THURSDAY
Ten Cents
a Copy

SOCIE
TY.

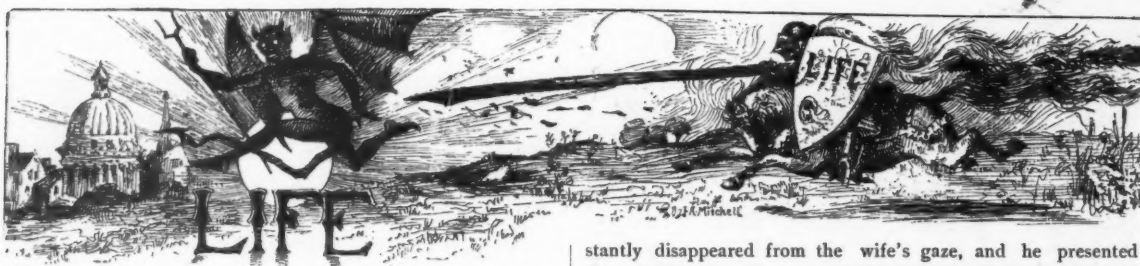
LITERA
TV
ROE

POLI
TIC
S
US TREA
SURY.

DR
AM
A.



THE ANGUISH OF A BREAKING HEART.



VOL. III. JANUARY 24TH, 1884. NO. 56.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

IN a recent lecture, Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH said: 'Neuralgia reaching with fingers of fire for every nerve in your face, is bliss to delirium tremens.' This is a beautiful simile, but if Mr. GOUGH had seen me in the agonies of my New Year's poem, he would have invented a new one. D. T. was nowhere."

C. A. D.

MISS BERTHA E. CLEAR, who is described with that journalistic exuberance peculiar to Philadelphia as a "bewitching blonde with roguish eyes and a Gainsborough hat," recently became addicted to museums in that city, particularly those of the dime variety. As time went on it was observed that she denied herself marsh-mallows and other necessities of life, in order to be able to gratify her appetite for curiosities and pay the necessary car fare involved in her search for them. About two weeks ago a Mr. GARRISON dawned upon her sympathetic gaze. Mr. GARRISON was a professional skeleton of great skill and reputation. To a connoisseur of phthisical development he was a beauty. His arms were no thicker than slate-pencils, his legs were invisible save against a black background, his chest was scooped like a saucer, and he had the most bewitching little pulmonary cough in the world. To a museum enthusiast like Miss CLEAR, these fascinations were irresistible, and at the end of six ten cent interviews which she obtained at wholesale rates for half a dollar, she found herself hopelessly enslaved. A week later, with many Pennsylvania blushes, she confessed the secret of her soul to the emaciated object of her affections, and, it being leap year, proposed and was accepted. A few days later they were married.

It is very strange, after this romantic prelude, to read in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* the statement that after living 48 hours with her anatomical love, the bride "fell into a raging delirium and went home to her father's house." At first sight this looks more like Chicago vacillation than Philadelphia constancy. But later advices show that it was not because the bride wavered that she went to her home. The true reason was this, on arriving at his house after the wedding, the skeleton removed the spangled suit which had garnished him in the museum. His beauty in-

stantly disappeared from the wife's gaze, and he presented the semblance of a mysterious head floating aimlessly around the room, apparently connected with the carpet only by a trailing white linen string. This unpleasant apparition threw the bride into a convulsion, with the sad consequence above narrated. If the end had been here, it would have been miserable enough. But it was not. While the landlady, attracted by the bride's bell-pulls and hysterics, was endeavoring to soothe her by kind words and salvolatile, her little girl, seeing what she supposed to be her long lost balloon, seized it by the string and ran out to join her playmates. Since then the skeleton has not been heard from, and both the bride's family and the museum are in black.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, says:

Dr. CARTER MOFFAT recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and musical critics, on voice training by chemical means. Dr. MOFFAT maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

Here is undoubtedly opened up a great field of musical culture. If the simple presence of peroxide of hydrogen in Italian air, combined, perhaps, with the active principle of macaroni, evolves Campaninis and Scalchis, what might not be accomplished by subjecting young and susceptible tenors and sopranos to the highly carbo-hydrogenated breezes of Hunter's Point, or the nitrogenous dews of Hoboken? It is to be doubted that a richer atmosphere exists anywhere on the globe than that frequenting Long Island and New Jersey. Compressed by powerful pumps, frozen and chopped into blocks, it has almost entirely superseded guano in European markets, while in liquid form it has proved superior to stomach pumps and ipecac in cases of acute poisoning. We have always held that the chemical properties of the atmosphere surrounding New York were undervalued. Now, however, their utilization as a means of musical culture seems probable, and as their chemical power is boundless, Italy will soon be left far behind.

AN analysis of the bumble end of a bumble bee by a profound and German scientist shows that the venom consists of 1 part serum, 2.3 parts formic acid, .7 parts albumen and the balance of a something which has a temperature of about 9,000,000 in the shade.

THE London *Lancet* points with pride to the fact that medical men are the longest lived of any in the world. Now we see where the rooted hatred of one doctor for another bears fruit.

SHELLFISH are said to be dying out on the English coast. Probably from starvation. It is known that British oysters pawn their young.



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. Silvercamp (who is looking over some sketches for a scriptural frieze for his new house): WHO ARE THESE?

Artist: THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Mr. Silvercamp: HASN'T JIM JONES GOT THE TWELVE APOSTLES IN HIS HOUSE?

Artist: YES, SIR.

Mr. Silvercamp: NOW, LOOK-A HERE, MISTER PAINTER,—JIM AIN'T GOIN' TO GET AHEAD O' ME ON ANYTHING—YOU PUT FOURTEEN IN MINE!

TO BETTY.

(VILLANELLE.)

WHEN Betty's dimples come and go
And laughter loiters in her eyes,
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

For Cupid's self is fain to strew
His way with sweet enamored sighs
When Betty's dimples come and go.

And watching beauty's piquant show
Youth, puffed with bold presuming, cries
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

Enchanted age becomes a beau
And pays his court with new emprise
When Betty's dimples come and go.

Let coquetry a smile bestow—
When—beguiled, in haste replies,
"Who cares which way the wind may blow?"

But who is wise? Ah, who can know
That cruelty puts on disguise
When Betty's dimples come and go?
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

M. E. W.

It is proper that marriage records should be kept by "double" entry.

A LARGE dog attacked a blind man on Broadway last Saturday and nearly threw him over by springing upon him. He probably wanted to "pull down the blind."

It is to be presumed that Marwood's successor is beginning to get the "hang of the thing" by this time.

"A PHILISTINE IN AMERICA."

(Sir Tiffin Whelpe, S. I. C. K., in the last number of the *Forthcoming Review*.)

WHETHER the discovery of America by Sydney Smith has been a gain or loss to the spuriously civilized peoples of the Old World may be questioned. To me personally it is a gain, however, because it enables me to lift myself into transient notice by abusing the United States. Mr. Andrew Carnegie thinks England would be benefited by "the purifying influences of equality." But just let him pay a visit to Boss Kelly, and then tell us what he's going to do about it. Everything good in American institutions is of English origin; everything bad is indigenious—i. e., Irish, of course. We all know that the Irish sprang from that soil. There are some few things going wrong—decidedly wrong—in England, just now; but our feudal institutions have been on trial something over eight centuries only; a mere trifle. Republicanism has been on trial for a period of one hundred years, and its failure is therefore complete. What I especially dislike about Americans is their "depreciatory attitude towards all things English." It's dem'd irritating, you know. Not that I would allow any small national vanity to make me sensitive, but, hang it! we are the best people in the world, and why should these vulgar Americans pass any criticisms upon us? On the continent we are treated with a "hostile respect," which is deuced flattering, after all; but in America they actually tell us that our manners are sometimes objectionable and our ideas stale! They do n't like our noble lords to go on free railway excursions and then "gobble up" (as they grossly express it) a whole railway coach, inconveniencing everyone else. Fancy their presumption! It would be inconceivable, had we not the fact, and were it not for the recent temerity of Mr. R. White Grant, who published a philosophical romance purporting to satirize England, in an obscure American periodical, and is indebted to the *Saturday Review* for the circumstance that I came to hear of his work. It is evident that Mr. W. Grant never crossed the ocean.*

But, if he did, he came back again, which is sufficient to condemn him, and he has since brought out a scathing article on the affectations of the Americans as to "Class Distinctions." This folly of theirs is also indigenious. We have no such follies in England. What puzzles me is, if he objects to some foibles of his own countrymen, why he does n't fall down and worship us English, who have no foibles, no imperfections whatever. Nevertheless, whatever absurdities Mr. White Grant may commit, "English imperturbability," as has well been remarked, "will remain unshaken." We know that we are good, splendid and invincible. Eight hundred years of victory in war back us up. If we were ever whipped, we never admitted it: hence we have always been victorious. . . . The beauty of American women has been absurdly exaggerated. I found few women in the States who could be called

* I have this moment learned that he *did* cross the ocean, and wrote a book on England, which was remarkably well received there. I forbear, and will not further mortify him.—*Tiffin Whelpe*.

beautiful, except those who came from Canada or England. It is impossible that this should have been owing to my prejudices. I'm sorry for the men. Not having been trained in England, they don't know beauty when they see it. Ours is a painful training as to female beauty—but then how broad, how compassionate and forgiving we are when we've gone through it! . . . The English are the most disagreeable race extant. No! I didn't mean to say that. Only, if they are so, the Americans are just as disagreeable. You see, I am liberal . . . Americans seem to derive most of their traits from us. It is not always flattering to look at ourselves in a mirror. Still, it is very lovely to think that in a few Eastern cities of the States the fashionable class imitate us slavishly as to manners, distorted pronunciation and amusements. The "remnant" of which Matthew Arnold speaks is hopefully represented by a revolutionary organization known as The Dudes. Let us trust that they will triumph . . . I am haunted by the fear that I may have been inconsistent in my remarks. Never mind. The English constitution will save me. It is the tinkling symbol of liberty everywhere, from the throne to the cottage, etc. . . . Bluff's your game with the Americans; only do n't tell 'em so. . . . Let us be "slashing" . . . Bow, wow!

G. P. L.

Of course a glacial region has plenty of moisture. There is moraine there than any where else.

A LIFE policy from Jan. 1st, 1884.—No rejected articles returned.



A MIRROR FOR MILLIONAIRES.

IT is announced in London, that the author of *Blackwood's* latest anonymous novel, "The Millionaire," is Mr. Louis J. Jennings, at one time managing editor of the *New York Times* and later the London correspondent of the *World*, before its Pulitzerization. An American edition of the book has appeared in cheap form, so that it might be within reach of our millionaires—price twenty-five cents. In Mr. Dexter File they may recognize some of their own lineaments. On his own confession he was "richer than any American ought to be." He had solved the problem of legislation at Washington; he had weighed the effect of \$10,000 on the average congressional conscience and had supplemented his knowledge with the less expensive discovery that "with canvas-backs and unlimited champagne, much may be done with an Illinois congressman." He knew how to appear before investigating committees, for "although he answered all their questions, they never found out what they wanted to

know." All this is wonderfully realistic, and so one is not surprised to read a little further on that "he knew some judges who were marvellously accommodating." We are not, however, burdened with the details of the Westbrook investigation.

As a story the book is weak, but as a series of character sketches the work is admirably done, especially the portrait of Sally Peters, the beautiful American widow who, though still young, had "passed through some of the vicissitudes of married life, including the death of her husband."

* * *

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON is one of the younger English poets whose lines catch faint echoes of Shelley, but resound with the sensuous music of Rossetti and Swinburne. Yet there is no servile imitation; he is a worthy disciple of eccentric and brilliant masters. The undertone which pervades his latest volume, "Wind-Voices," is fully characterized in his own lines as

"A Voice, most like the wind's voice when it says
Some sorrowing word within a pine-thrugged place."

The gem of the volume is "Thy Garden," which is almost as delicate, beautiful and sad as the Shelley's "Sensitive Plant,"—but without the sustained power and unmatched fancy there displayed. This stanza, perhaps, represents best its qualities:

"My sad heart in thy garden strays alone,
My heart among all hearts companionless;
Between the roses and the lilies thrown,
It finds thy garden but a wilderness."

It is all the more a disappointment to find amid pages of graceful verses such exaggeration of sentiment as the following:

"I have been weary for your voice, your touch,
The desperate sweetness of your kiss—
The joy which almost thrills me over-much,
Oh sweet, my heart, so sweet it is."

The "Desperate Sweetness of Your Kiss" suggests Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion," and what a certain Buffalo dramatic critic would probably term "the incarnate delirium of a whirlwind." It will probably require the "incarnation of a blizzard" to cool down the American imitators of the Rossetti school to the temperature of respectable passion.

* * *

IT is reported in Washington that a new portraiture of society in that city will soon appear in a novellette, to be published in Boston, which will take the form of letters written by a Washington belle to friends in New York. It is to be a vindication of society at the capital from the charges of that vulgar book "A Washington Winter." The report does not mention Ex-Senator Tabor or Col. Ochiltree as the probable author.

* * *

A PERUSAL of "Beyond the Gates" has convinced Lilian Whiting that in the "power of bringing the heavenly mysteries to the earthly comprehension no man or woman in any age has done the work that distinctively characterizes Elizabeth Stuart

Phelps." Lilian's "earthly comprehension" is probably more accustomed to color symphonies and celestial marriages than the average mortal's.

DROCH.

A FALSE PROFIT.—Ill-gotten gains.

"HALF a loaf is better than no leisure" remarked the tramp as he settled himself for a nap on a park bench.

ALWAYS GETTING INTO SCRAPES.—Nutmegs.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL EPISODE,

OR,

METAMORPHOSES AT MUGGINS' MISERY:

A CO-OPERATIVE NOVEL.

BY

BRET JAMES AND HENRY HARTE.

I.



INIGHT among the Sierras. The moon reels remorselessly through the cloud-battered sky. The wild cry of the coyote sounds from the recesses of the pine-clad mountain-side. And more to the same effect.

The moonlight glitters fantastically upon the rotting shingles of Muggins' Misery. From the curtainless windows broad sheets of light are thrown out over the roadway, and through the chinks in the walls there comes a sound of revelry by night.

Within the *Miserables* are all assembled; miners, Chinese, cow-boys, Mormons, half-breeds,—anything, everything. "Old Muggins' gal," as they call her, is the center of an admiring group. Observe her. The fire and ferocity of an Indian mother gleams from her wild black eyes. A glittering bowie-knife is skewered through her rank and raven tresses. She is dancing a double shuffle among the mugs and bottles that litter the bar. She drinks—this girl—she chews, she gambles, she curses; she is a terror. But she can love, and she can suffer; she is one of us, after all. I salute thee, Calamity Jane Muggins, noble type of Western womanhood.

The dance goes on and joy is unconfined. But amidst the rasping rhapsodies of the O-Be-Joyful band, the caustic remarks of the ever-present revolver, and the resounding Ri-yi of more than one transported reveler, the old man keeps one ear on the main chance, and presently he speaks:

"Drop that, Calamm! Do n't ye here the stage? Go and see who's comin'!"

"Go yourself, you old gopher," replies Calamity, and flings a beer-bottle at her father's head.

Enter the new comer.

"Another blank tenderfoot," says Red-top Jim.

"You're blank right," says Sassafras Charley.

A palid and thin young man with a cut-away coat, a single eyeglass and a natty little valise.

Calamity is on to him in an instant. She strides toward him



"SHE IS DANCING A DOUBLE SHUFFLE."

and brings down her grimy paw with tremendous force upon his shoulder.

The young man shrinks visibly, and his glass clatters noisily down the button of his cut-away.

"What's your name, pard?" demands Calamity with a wide and comprehensive wink.

"Permit me; my-ah card."

Calamity stretches at the pasteboard.

"Well, I'm blanked . . . C-E-C—Oh blank! we ain't none of us scholars. What's yer name, I say; out with it!"

"Cecil Winthrop, please," stammers the young man.

"Ce-cil Win-throp!" she echoes scornfully. "Why, you blank little cuss, do you think we've got any use for Cecil Winthrops out here? You're One-Eyed Win,—that's who you are!"



"YOU'RE ONE-EYED WIN—THAT'S WHO YOU ARE!"

II.

CECIL Winthrop was a son of the modern Athens; his honored father was one of the biggest potatoes—as the phrase is—in the biggest of its three highly-cultivated hills. Cecil was a child of the modern civilization; he was immensely thoughtful; he was tremendously imaginative. He had lived much abroad; he

frankly acknowledged that, *en effet*, travel had done much to make him what he was. When one day he impulsively gathered together a few things—he rarely had a fixed plan—and flitted toward the Sierras, it was vaguely understood in the West Cedar Street circle that a consciousness of certain social duties still unperformed called him to the Sunset-land. None of his "set," as they say, knew the precise nature of his occidental ties; I alone can tell. In brief, Cecil was an *entrepreneur*, a *commis voyageur* (*vous-comprenez parfaitement, n'est ce pas?*) in the line of boots and shoes, and this was his first Western trip. He had established a very good connexion, as we express it, in the rich and mellow Old World, where his accurate dressing, his air of suave dignity, and his unimpeachable accent in all the Continental tongues had done more for him than they could do in the cruder life of the land in which he had unfortunately been born. His Roman *clientèle* he especially valued. In that city he had once, with some adequate sense of reserve and privacy, opened up a choice stock in a certain dusky old palazzo in the Corso. In his own graceful and spontaneous fashion he quickly convinced the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the city that Shodliness was next to Godliness, and within a week the pope and the entire college of cardinals were wearing—if these low-bred details may be permitted—his five dollar Congress gaiter. It was shortly after this that his—his *controlle* (demme if I can recall the precise English for this), charmed by his success, opened before him a still wider field of usefulness in the wide, untrammelled wilds of the western wilderness. (Indulge me this weakness; I caught it from the *New York Weekly*, which I read—privately—with real avidity.)

On the evening following the events chronicled by my distinguished *collaborateur*, Cecil met Calamity in the garden of the ranch,—though if there is any penalty attached to styling "garden" that which consists solely of a cactus, a cabbage and three tomatoes I should prefer not to incur it. She sat there alone; "So very American," as he murmured to himself. The cold morn shone in a crude and perfunctory way from an unsympathic and impersonal sky; the ruggedness and rawness of his environment wore upon the cultured nature of the young man. Of all the surrounding *objets*, animate and inanimate, this young girl, and she only, seemed capable of filling the aching void within him. She sat alone, lost in thought; she was not the same young girl as on the night before. If I had plenty of elbow-room, I could show you the why and wherefore of all this; plainly enough, there is a psychological problem here that don't turn up every day; as it is I must ask you to take the final result, trusting that my figuring is correct. As I say, she was not the same.

She interested him; she touched him; she would have moved



"HE IMPULSIVELY GATHERED TOGETHER A FEW THINGS—"

him to emotion if a well-bred and well-connected young gentleman were ever known to emote.

"She is a *type*," he murmured; "and all the more interesting for being in transition."

He approached her softly.



"HE APPROACHED HER SOFTLY."

"You are commensurate," he whispered; "you are analogous." She gazed at him like one in a dream.

"*Vous êtes très charmante,—très adorable*," he went on with repressed feeling.

She came to with a shudder; it was her first Boston French.

"You bet your sweet life I am," she murmured in turn. "That's what ails me to a T."

Love had touched her heart, but not improved her speech.

He gazed at her in pity; it was patronizing pity, but he could not help his superiority. He glanced about him.

"Your *entourage* is deplorable," he said; "your *relations* are most undesirable. Be no more Calamity Jane; be Ginevra Infelice,—Genevieve the Unfortunate."

He smiled once more upon her, and tip-toed softly away.

III.

WHEN our heroine rose next morning her head held but one thought. Some of us would be lucky with even one; but no matter. This thought dominated the day, and soon became the guiding-star of her whole existence. "He called me Ginevra," she murmured ever and anon. "A leetle gilt-edged, mebbe, but I'll live up to it or bust in the attempt." Twenty-four hours previous she would have expressed herself in a less printable way; but love had begun its wondrous transformation.

The morning was wet and gloomy. Outside the doorway she encountered her father in a pair of new boots. He was enraged; the air around him was blue. "The ——— bilk has vamoosed, bag and baggage," he howled, "and I'm thirteen sixty out."

A responsive rage enkindled itself in his daughter's face. "Do n't you call him no names," she cried fiercely.

"Not call him no names! What is it to you? Sweet on him, hey?"

What was he to her, indeed? She felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks; tears of shame and anger sprang to her eyes; she turned and fled. And then she knew she loved him.

"Come back here, Calamm!" her father shouted. "What you goin' to do? Come back, I say."



"HIS FEET WERE STUCK FAST IN THE MUD."

He attempted to follow her, but his feet were stuck fast in the mud."

He saw her rush to the corral, and fling herself on Broken-backed Mag. He writhed and turned and twisted; he cursed and howled. As Calamity and Mag struck the eastward trail, he put all his energies into one herculean wrench. He set himself free, but his boot soles remained in the mud where he had stood. Oh, glue, glue, glue! (These are my remarks, not his.)

He should not have expected too much for a dollar seventy-five.

Ginevra roamed the mountains day and night for a week; at the end of that time she put into the Misery for repairs.

She resumed her accustomed duties at the ranch. She whooped it up as well as she could for the old man's gang. But she was not the same girl as before; she left off smoking and drinking, and day and night she murmured sottly, "He will come back; he will come back. And when he does, I must be up to the mark."

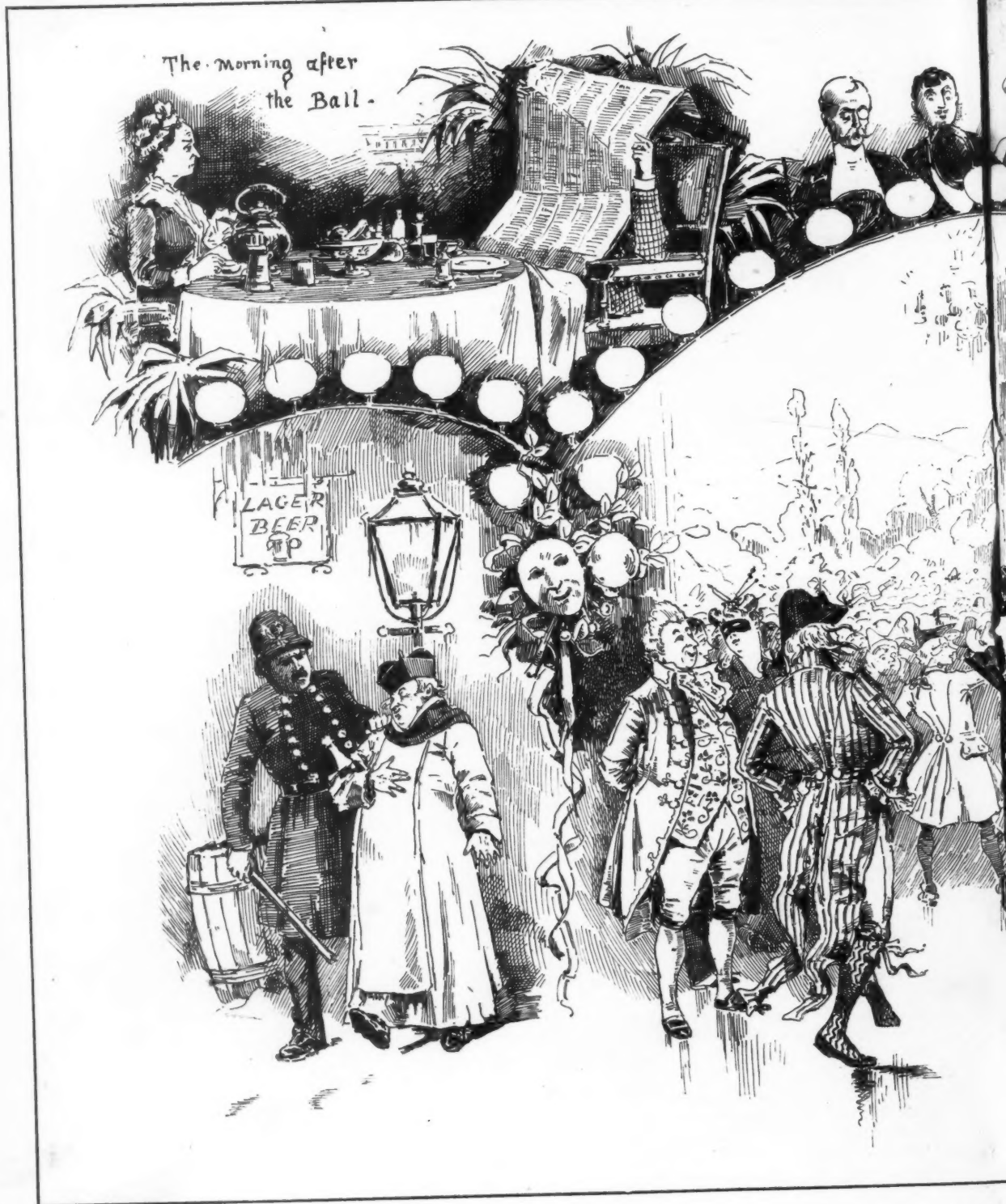
A week later she struck the old man for the price of a seal-skin sacque.

How did she happen to know anything about seal-skin sacques? To inform her mind she had subscribed to *Harper's Bazar*—Oh, woman, woman!

[To be concluded.]



"SHE STRUCK THE OLD MAN FOR THE PRICE OF A SEAL-SKIN SACQUE."





SOMENS

ALL OF TRAIS DE L'HARMONIE.



LAYING PIPE THROUGH A HOSTILE CAMP.
AFTER THE HONEST MANNER OF WILLIAM PENN.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XVII.—The Train Boy.



WHAT is this?
This, darling, is that perambulating
and inexhaustible depot of supplies
known as the train boy.

And that quiet little gentleman who seems to be so uncomfortable?

He is a director of the road.

Why, I thought he was a literary person. Where did he get all those books?

They were given to him.

By whom?

The train boy.

What are they?

The "Biography of Jesse James;" "Red Handed Bill, or the Terror of Texas;" "How to Win at Cards, or the Gambler's Scrap Book;" "Bunco Steering Made Easy;" "How to Mix Drinks;" "The Slums of New York" in 9 volumes, and "Every Man His Own Burglar."

Why! What a nice lot of books?

Very.

And does the kind train boy give these books away to everybody?

Oh, yes.

And what do the grateful passengers do?

They look at the pictures, dog's-ear the corners, and give them back again.

Then what does the good train boy do?

He hands round the antediluvian bananas.

And then?

He passes the Louis Quatorze gingerbread.

Next?

The peanuts of the renaissance.

And then?

The Pompeiian sandwiches and the figs which were brought over in the Ark.

Gracious! what will the passengers do with the figs?

They tie a string to each of them.

Why?

To keep them from running away before the train boy gets back.

But if the train boy does not come back soon?

They will picket them out on the coal box, until they get warmed up and active.

And then?

Run them up and down the aisle.

My! that is good fun.

Very good fun.

Are not the passengers grateful to the good train boy for all these books and good intentions, figs and civilities, bananas and amusements?

Oh, yes; they are so grateful they cannot think.

Will they not take up a collection for him?

No; he will take up the collection.

What will it be?

The novels, bananas and sandwiches he distributed.

Oh! then he does not give them away?

Certainly not.

Why?

Because nobody would take them as a gift.

But in course of time the sandwiches will get ear-marked, and the bananas get too soft and rich, and the figs too active by constant handling?

Yes, dear.

Then the good train boy will lose his little all?

Not much.

What will he do with his stock in trade?

Sell it to a church fair.

But you said the bald-headed gentleman whom the good train boy has so loaded up is a director of the road!

Yes, darling.

Why, then, does he not stop this bombardment of the passengers with bad literature and bananas!

Simply because he is a director.

Then the road makes money out of it?

Certainly.

Did the director ever eat one of the train boy's sandwiches?

I am certain he never did.

What makes you so certain?

He still lives.

Did the director ever sample any of the train boy's gingerbread?

Oh, yes.

When?

In 1849.

Well, it is not going to kill him?

He does not yet know.

Why?

Because his stomach is still struggling with it.



"LET ME DREAM AGAIN!"

Judge (to Prisoner): SO YOU WERE ARRESTED AND FINED YESTERDAY FOR BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, AND HERE YOU ARE AGAIN TO-DAY FOR THE SAME OFFENCE!

Prisoner (who has been pumped on): YES, JUDGE, BUT CAN YOU ARREST A MAN TWICE ON THE SAME CHARGE?

Judge: CERTAINLY NOT.

Prisoner: THEN LEMME GO, JUDGE, THIS IS THE SAME OLD DRUNK!

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

I.

SWEET rose, in thee the Summer bides;
Thy deep, red breast a secret hides,
Which none may know but that dear she
Whose eyes are stars lit up for me.

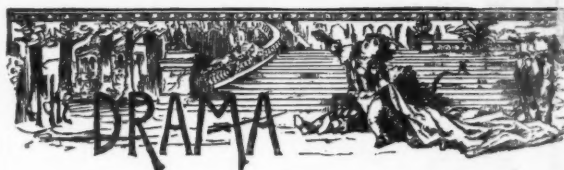
II.

Red rose, unto her sweetly speak
And glow against her burning cheek—
Breathe this into her shell-like ear: *
"Thou makest it Summer all the year."

III.

(On receiving bill from florist.)
Great Scott! List to my heart's dull thud!
Those Jacks a dollar cost a bud;
And she is now my rival's bride.
I still must wear that ulster tried!

[* We must remind Mr. Perkins that a rose is not a waiter, and will not "breathe into her shell-like ear;" especially if, like the jacqueminot, it be a high-bred rose.—EDS. LIFE.]



RAYMOND.—THE AMATEURS.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND has, undoubtedly, found a new character, in General Josiah Limber. Mr. Raymond has, in one sense, found several new characters. He won his spurs in Sellers—the irrepressible, voluble, good-hearted Sellers—and, when "The Golden Age" began to wane in popular favor, he produced various plays, each of which was meant to take the place of "The Golden Age." Among his experiments were "Wolfert's Rest," "Fresh," and "In Paradise." These pieces were as trivial as possible, though "Fresh" was at least amusing. But Mr. Raymond soon came to the end of his tether with "Fresh." "In Paradise" was not especially amusing. It would be a useless task to chronicle all that Mr. Raymond has not done well with. On the whole, he is remembered chiefly as Sellers. But he may be remembered hereafter as Limber.

General Josiah Limber is a character. There can be no question about that. He is distinct, individual. He is intensely funny. I may remark that Limber is the hero of Mr. David D. Lloyd's play, "For Congress." This, a crude, rough work, in which extravagant force, improbability, and solemn melodrama are mixed up in a singular manner. Why do the American playwrights insist upon this kind of inharmonious combination? "Our Boarding House" has the sad and pathetic Beatrice Mannheim; "The Golden Age" is crammed with plaintive sensation, not to speak of a fury; other pieces of a like class, which start out as jokes, have an equally tragic element. In "For Congress" there is a deep, dark villain, who tries to ruin the youthful and indiscreet son of an Illinois farmer-gentleman, Peter Woolley and who falls gracefully at the end into the hands of sympathetic detectives. Pray, what is the use of these detectives, this villain, this unfortunate and unlucky young man? Can we not have downright farce, without melodramatic rubbish thrown in as a dyspeptic antidote?

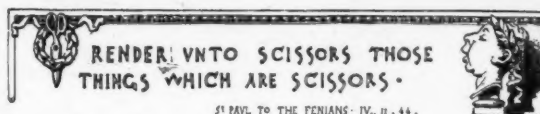
As a picture of manners, of life, as a play in a word, "For Congress" has no value whatever. Imagine the home of a millionaire into which everyone pushes himself as though there were no barrier to a man's doorway. The fashion in which Limber takes hold of old Woolley—dear and ingenuous old Woolley, who can't tell the Democratic party from a hand-saw—is ridiculous. But all this is not really to the point. Limber is a very amusing person, and Raymond's performance is full of broad and telling humor.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man" was given not long ago at the little Madison Club Theatre by a company of fashionable amateurs, and for the golden purpose of charity. The play was repeated three times, and attracted the whole of swifdom to Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. The same play was presented again, and in a still more interesting and brilliant manner, at the Music Hall, Orange, on one evening last week. A train-full of New Yorkers went to Orange to see this performance (and perhaps to be seen, like Hamlet the observed of all observers) and came back at midnight. The weather was frigid and the Hoboken boat crunched the ice with dreary mono-

tone, under a pale and glittering snow. But it was worth while shivering a little for such a good cause. The Music Hall is a spacious and pretty theatre. It was crowded with handsome and well-dressed women on this occasion, and with men who could appreciate the women. Amateurs—especially the fashionable amateurs—seem to work very hard for the pleasure of appearing upon the stage. Some of them act a dozen times during the winter, and many oftener. They are always getting up some new theatrical enterprise. However, the business amuses them, it provides amusement for their friends, and it does a great deal for charity. It is a singular fact, however, that they are not necessarily bad actors. "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," for instance, was presented with fine taste and intelligence by this particular company—Mr. Hill, Mr. Bird, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Cunard, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Speiden, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Teall and Miss Davenport. This is what would be called, in serious criticism of the theatre, a strong cast. Mrs. Potter is a charming and sympathetic woman, and her Marguerite was an interesting performance; Mrs. Teall was not less successful, in a very different way, as Nellie Helouin. But it is impossible in this brief space to distribute praise to all these bright performers. No one, I am sure, is bored by this amateur presentation of Feuillet's gushing romance.

G. E. M.

THE revival of the "Love Chase" took place at the Star Theatre on Monday evening, January 21, under the direction of Harry Edwards, stage manager. The company which supported Miss Emma Latham, the young Californian actress, who made her New York debut, are mainly drawn from Wallack's Theatre. Effie Germon essayed the Widow Green, and Wilmot Eyre, Waller. Barton Hill appeared as Wildrake, one of Lester Wallack's favorite parts in his younger days. The performance was creditable and the young debutante was favorably received.



ST PAUL TO THE FENIANS—IV., II., 44.

A NEW YORK plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.—*Lowell Citizen*.

THE man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

DO N'T think, young man, that just because it is leap year you are going to be snapped up right away. The girls want a chance before they leap.—*Lowell Citizen*.

OUT of 955 samples of French wines recently analyzed only ninety-five were found to be genuine, the rest being more or less adulterated with unwholesome drugs. We challenge an analysis of 955 American hogs that would not show a more favorable comparison.—*Hartford Post*.

A NEW YORK man paid a big price for the first copy of Columbian's "Sarah Barnum," expecting to find in it something very improper. Before he had read a dozen pages he threw down the volume with an air of disgust, and resumed the perusal of a Chicago paper.—*Norristown Herald*.

AN old Negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper.

"I wants my son ter work in yer office, sah."

"What can he do?"

"Oh, at fust he kaint do nuthin' but edick yer paper; but arter a while, when he learns mo' sense, he ken black yer boots an' sweep de flo'."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A LITTLE four-year-old boy in Hartford, says the *Times*, was asked once by his uncle if he wanted some flowers, and replied: "I do n't care if I do." The uncle said: "I never give flowers to boys who 'do n't care.'" Whereupon the urchin responded: "I do n't care if I do—but I do care if I do n't." He was more than four years old.—*New York Graphic*.

"No," said the young man to the ticket seller. "I do n't want an end seat; I want one in the middle of the row. I usually go out two or three times during the performance and always between acts, and half the pleasure I get at the theatre is in the sensation I make in passing in and out, you know. No, no; no end seat for me; a fellow might go out and come in a dozen times and nobody would notice him."—*Boston Transcript*.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

Have now ready their

AMERICAN NOVEL SERIES.

A Latter Day Saint;

Being the story of the Conversion of Ethel Jones, related by herself. 16mo., \$1.00.

George Washington,

By John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," 16mo. (Lives of American Worthies Series), \$1.25.

Cavanagh, Sanford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors
and Importers,

16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite 5th Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

All the latest London Fabrics regularly imported.

Write for Particulars.

Subscriptions and advertisements received for LIFE and other first-class publications. Low rates given.

C. M. CANTY,

Room 3, 186 DEVONSHIRE ST.,
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Hand-Made
Sour Mash Whiskeys.
OLD CROW RYE.
HERMITAGE,
MAYFIELD.
 4 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

Sold absolutely pure, uncolored, unsweetened. None sold until four summers old. \$3.50 to \$9.00 to families. To the trade, at trade prices. Finest Wines and Liquors.

H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 FULTON ST.,
 NEW YORK. 1158 B'WAY, COR. 27TH ST.

GRADY & MCKEEVER;

LATE

RENNER & COMPANY,

DEALERS IN

FINE ARTS.

Designers and Manufacturers of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PICTURE FRAMES.

No. 719 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK.

FACTORY, 218 W. 42d STREET.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS,
PRINTING INK,
 60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

This paper is printed with our cut ink.

SPENCERIAN PENS
 These famous Steel Pens combine the essential qualities of Elasticity, Durability and real Swan Quill action, and are suited to all styles of writing. For sale everywhere.
Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., N. Y.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS.**
 From Am. Journal of Medicine.
 Dr. A. B. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 50 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
Dr. A. B. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is said to be drinking himself to death. And yet some orators say that whiskey is an enemy to the human race.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE gentleman who is engaged in resuscitating frozen English sparrows is going to the country next week to warm up some snakes.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE singer who understands the management of his breath is considered a great artist. It ought to be the same way with a barber.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

EL MAHDI's brother-in-law has been captured. Every turn of the war seems to be in El Mahdi's favor. He is now getting rid of his wife's relations.—*Boston Post.*

THE New York *Tribune* does n't tackle kindly to the word "ovated." It is barely possible that it also objects to the word "excursed." Some papers are so very hard to please.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A WOMAN named Kane in Mississippi has just presented her husband with three boy babies, each one of which has a heavy growth of red hair on the head. This is the most extensive gold-headed Kane presentation on record.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD had but 150 listeners to his lecture in Baltimore. It is not strange that Mr. Arnold should say that the majority is usually in the wrong, when it is the majority that neglects to buy tickets to his lectures.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WOMAN in Michigan, being dangerously ill, her husband ordered a coffin, when she immediately began to recover. It was a little more expensive, perhaps, than if he had summoned a physician; but the coffin can be used as a dough-trough. For sale by all respectable undertakers.—*Norristown Herald.*

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the **GRAND UNION HOTEL**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Four Hundred and Fifty (450) elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Fountain Pens, & Lead Pencils.



"MACKINNON,"

"FOUTNOGRAPH"

Has a world-wide reputation. The only strictly first-class Stylus Pen made. The only one having an IRIUM POINT (without which the cheaper pens wear out in a few weeks' use).

Prices, \$4.00 and upward.

THE
 "UNION"

Contains either a FOUNTAGRAPH or MACKINNON at one end of a handsome holder and a Lead Pencil at the other. PRICES, \$1.50, UPWARD.

An ordinary Gold Pen in very simple Fountain Holder.

ALWAYS WRITES, NEVER CLOGS

Ink lasts Ten Days, Pen Ten Years
 Prices, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

The A. S. French Co., M'rs, New York and London.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 99 BROADWAY, GROUND FLOOR (WESTERN UNION TEL. BUILDING).

Call and try or send for List. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 30th ST.
 Under the management of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALL.
 Orchestra, \$1.50; Dress Circle, \$1; Second Balcony, 50c.
 Every night 8:15; over 10:40; Matinees begin at 2.

Seven-Twenty-Eight

7-20-8.

Seven-Twenty-Eight

MATINEE CHRISTMAS.
 "Laughter literally insatiable."
 —*Herald.*

HOTELS.

PARKER HOUSE

EUROPEAN PLAN.

HARVEY D. PARKER & Co.
 BOSTON, MASS.

HARVEY D. PARKER.

JOSEPH H. BECKMAN

EDWARD O. PUNCHARD.

DENISON PAPER M'FG CO

BOOK PAPERS.

"Star Mill," "Eagle Mill," "Diamond Mill"

BOSTON OFFICE, 12 EQUITABLE BUILDING.

MILLS AT MECHANIC FALLS, - - MAIN

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 101 Pearl St., N. Y.